

A N
E L E G Y
Upon the MARQUESS of
DORCHESTER.
And EARL of
KINGSTON, &c.

IF to some Silent Tomb we laid our Ear,
Fancy might such Oraculous Whispers hear;
Must Souls with Bodies dye? must Virtue rust?
And Honour perish in a bed of dust?
If of Nine Muses Eight were slain asleep,
One might stand Centry, and the Capitol keep;
'Tis I that One, weep o're a Learned Herse;
Some will my Duty praise, tho' not my Verse.
Farewel Great DORCHESTER born to Inherit
Thy Father's large Estate, but larger Spirit:
Who fatally by his Own Party slain,
~~Was by Your Loyalty reviv'd again.~~
'Twas You maintain'd his dying Cause and Breath,
Eluding all the Fallacies of Death:
Doubly posselt his Merit and Estate,
By right of Primogeniture and Fate.
But now the Kingdom with strange Whirlwinds tost,
And fatal *Naseby* after Triumph lost;
The King (Saint-like) into Temptation led,
From profest Foes, to Friends less Faithful fled.
Oxford is close begirt, Stout hearts grow tender,
And Loyal Pulses beat for a Surrender.
Then did our Marquess, (to his High Renown)
Bravely advise still to defend the Town?
If Heaven pleas'd, for His Majesties future good,
Worthy the Ransom of more Lives and Blood.
You were its greatest Ornament and Grace;
Lov'd best, because best understood the Place.
You comprehended in Epitomy,
The Learning of that great Academy.
Alfredian thoughts are narrow and confin'd,
Compar'd to the Vast Circle of your mind;
Which, like that First Intelligence above,
Did all Inferiour Orbs contain and move.
Philosophy here, (both Moral and Divine)
Did with the Lustre of all Graces shine;

Here Law did in its Inner-Temple dwell,
With Mathematicks to a Miracle.
Here Opticks shin'd, here *Jacob's* powerful Wand
Did all the Armies of the Stars Command:
Survey'd both Globes, and wisely took from thence
Just Measures for his High Magnificence.
Whereas some, (clog'd with Earth and Ignorance)
Can ill adjust their own Inheritance.
'T improve the barren Theory of these,
In steps great *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
You judg'd (tho' *Envy* might its Poison dart)
There cou'd be no disparagement in Art.
Your Charitable *Dodonean* door
Sent Echoes to the Prayers of the Poor.
Your well-spread Table still for Guests did call,
Was Charities great Burse and Hospital.
Those Guests (amidst Philosophy and meat)
(More Ear than Appetite) forgot to eat.
But these Perfections (Glorious in their Sphere)
May make us Famous, not Immortal here.
Both Small and Great, Learn'd and Unlearned must
Submit their Talents to be weigh'd in dust.
Now DORCHESTER, Great DORCHESTER is dead,
And all his Parts laid Level with his Head.
But though his Years summ'd up the Age of man,
Largely extended to a Giant's Span;
It might some Circumstances interpose
(Like latter Frosts) and kill a drooping Rose.
This Turtle miss'd his dearest *KATHARINE*,
As Good, as Great; and only not the *QUEEN*;
Divorc'd by Death from his most Saint-like Wife,
His Palsy'd Soul allow'd but half a Life.
Then you that wonder at his Matchless Parts,
Acknowledge Love above the Power of Arts.

By *JO. CROUCH*, once his
Domestick Servant.